

wrenched hasp and padlock from their hold, and next moment a wild cheer greeted him as he stood on a corner of the gable. But a depth of forty or fifty feet was below him with nothing to break his fall to the hard earth.

“Jump!” yelled one of the onlookers. “No, don’t!” cried another, “you’ll be killed.”

“Hold your noise,” roared Hunky Ben, “and lend a hand here—sharp!—the house’ll blow up in a minute.”

He ran as he spoke towards a cart which was partly filled with hay. Seizing the trams he raised them. Willing hands helped, and the cart was run violently up against the gable—Hunky shouting to some of the men to fetch more hay.

But there was no time for that. Another explosion took place inside the building, which Charlie knew must have driven in the sides of more casks and let loose fresh fuel. A terrible roar, followed by ominous cracking of the roof, warned him that there was no time to lose. He looked steadily at the cart for a moment and leaped. His friends held their breath as the pair descended. The hay would not have sufficed to break the fall sufficiently, but happily the cart was an old one. When they came down on it like a thunderbolt the bottom gave way. Crashing through it the pair came to the ground, heavily indeed, but uninjured!

The fall, which almost stunned our hero, had the